Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
5th Floor, Hunt Library
Carnegie Mellon University
4909 Frew Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15213-3890
Telephone: 412-268-2434
Email: huntinst@andrew.cmu.edu
Web site: www.huntbotanical.org

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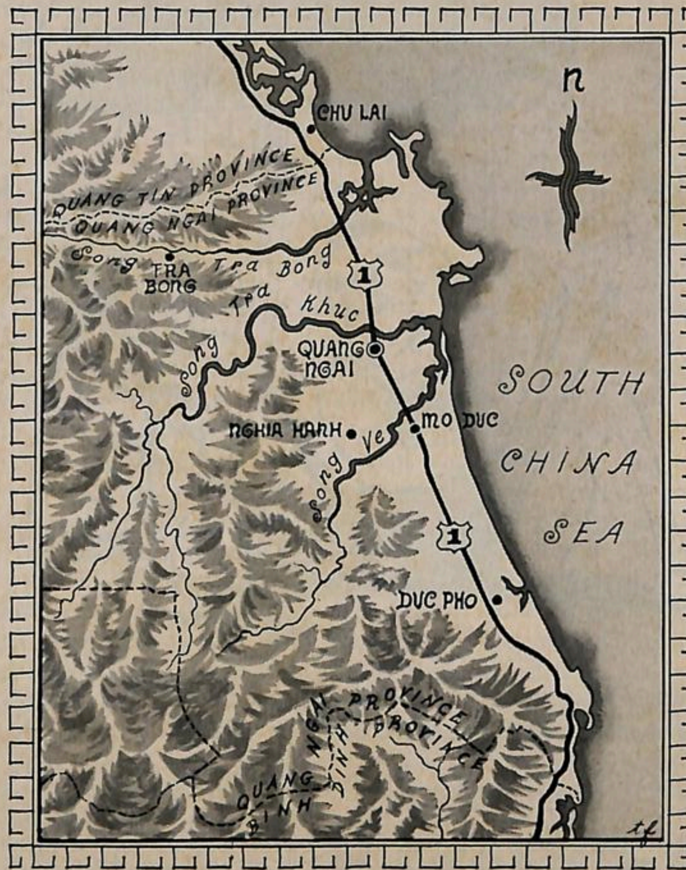
The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

QUANG NGAI AND QUANG TIN—I



THE following article is about what is happening to South Vietnam—to the people and the land—as a result of the American military presence. I shall not discuss the moral ramifications of that presence. I shall simply try to set down what I saw and heard first-hand during several weeks I spent with our armed forces in South Vietnam last summer. What I saw and heard had to do mostly with the destruction that was going on in South Vietnam, but at the same time I found that the peculiar character of this war tended to be defined for me by how the men in our armed forces reacted to the various special conditions of the war: the immense disparity in size and power between the two adversaries, the fact that Americans are fighting ten thousand miles from home, the fact that the Vietnamese are an Asian and non-industrialized people, the fact that we are bombing North Vietnam but the North Vietnamese are incapable of bombing the United States, the fact that our bombing in South Vietnam can be met only by small-arms fire, the fact that it is often impossible for our men to distinguish between the enemy and friendly or neutral civilians, the anomalousness and the corruption of the Saigon government, the secondary role played by the South Vietnamese Army we are supposedly assisting, the fact that the enemy is fighting a guerrilla war while we are fighting a mechanized war, and, finally, the overriding, fantastic fact that we are destroying, seemingly by inadvertence, the very country we are supposedly protecting. Like many Americans, I am opposed to the American policy in Vietnam. As I came to know the American men who were fighting there, I could feel only sorrow at what they were asked to do and what they did. On the other hand, I could not forget that these men, for the most part, thought they were doing their duty and thought they had no choice, and I could not forget, either, that they were living under terrible stress and, like fighting men in any war, were trying to stay alive and hold on to their sanity. If our country stumbled into this war by mistake, the mistake was not theirs. If our continuing escalation of the war is wrong, the guilt is surely not theirs alone. If one disaster after another is visited upon the Vietnamese people, these disasters are the inevitable consequence of our intervention in the war, rather than of any extraordinary misconduct on the part of our troops. Thousands of Americans, of course, have lost their lives or been wounded in Vietnam, many of them in the belief that they were fighting for a just cause, and some of the men I came to know in Vietnam will lose their lives or be wounded in that same belief. Some of our men have been brutalized by the war, just as I might have been brutalized if I had been fighting beside them, and just as men on both sides of all wars have been brutalized. Yet some of them have done the job assigned to them without losing their compassion for the noncombatant Vietnamese, or even for the enemy in combat. In this article, however, I am not writing, essentially, about the men in our armed forces. I am writing about a certain, limited segment of the war—about the destruction by the American forces, as I observed it (mostly from the air), of a particular rural area of South Vietnam. All of us must share the responsibility for this war, and not only the men who bear arms. I have no wish to pass judgment on the individual Americans fighting in Vietnam. I wish merely to record what I witnessed, in the hope that it will help us all to understand better what we are doing.

IN the spring of 1967, the United States Military Assistance Command in South Vietnam formed a new force, called Task Force Oregon, by assembling the 196th Light Infantry Brigade, the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Infantry Division, and the 1st Brigade of the 101st Airborne Division in Quang Ngai Province, which is the fifth province south of the Demilitarized Zone along the coast of the South China Sea. The creation of Task Force Oregon, which was to operate under the command of the 3rd Marine Amphibious Force, freed elements of the 3rd Marine Amphibious Force, which had been conducting operations in Quang Ngai since May of 1965, to move north to help combat increased activity along the Demilitarized Zone. The Annamese mountain range swings close to the sea in Quang Ngai Province, and between the mountains and the sea is a strip of arable flatland eighty kilometres long, twenty-five kilometres across at its widest point, and ten kilometres across at its narrowest point. The Allied Forces divided this strip, which supports more than eighty per cent of the province's population, of approximately six hundred and fifty thousand, into four Tactical Areas of Responsibility, of roughly equal size, and assigned one each, from north to south, to the 196th Light Brigade, to a brigade of Korean Marines that had landed in Quang Ngai in the summer of 1966, to a brigade of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (abbreviated as ARVN and pronounced "Arvin" by the Americans), and to the 3rd Brigade of the 4th Division. The 1st Brigade of the

9-III-1968

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PROFILES

ACTS OF WITNESS

SHORTLY after noon on May 17, 1968, seven men and two women walked into the Knights of Columbus Hall in Catonsville, Maryland, a suburb of Baltimore, and climbed the stairs to a second-floor room that houses the town's Selective Service office, where they proceeded to empty the contents of several filing cabinets into large wire trash baskets. There were three women working in the office, and the head clerk screamed, "My draft files! You get away from my draft files!" After a brief scuffle, the head clerk and her two assistants stood back, helpless and astonished. The raiders, three of whom wore Roman Catholic clerical attire, spoke to each other tersely as they stuffed the draft records into the wire baskets. "You're doing great, kid!" "Don't pack them in too tight or they won't burn." "O.K., we've got enough. Let's go." Toward the end of the foray, which lasted ninety seconds, the youngest of the clerks threw a telephone through a closed window to attract the attention of passersby in the street below. The raiders carried the baskets swiftly down the stairs and into a parking lot outside. There, they emptied their haul of papers into a single pile, doused it with homemade napalm, and ignited it. As the fire devoured the draft records of three hundred and seventy-eight young Catonsville residents, the nine men and women joined hands and said the Lord's Prayer while they waited for arrest.

A small crowd of onlookers gathered in the parking lot. Several newsmen had been summoned to the scene by friends of the raiders, and cameras clicked and whirred as the nine men and women, their heads bowed, continued to pray and to explain their action in grave, liturgical voices. "We burn these draft records in the name of that God whose name is decency, humanity, and love," said a tall, heavyset man in clerical garb. "We do this because everything else has failed," another man in black said softly. "May this make clear that napalm is immorally and illegally destroying human lives in Vietnam." "Our Church has been silent," said a jowly man in a business suit. "We speak out in the name of Catholicism and Christianity."

Daniel Berrigan, S.J.
Philip Berrigan, S.S.J.

Within a few minutes, five policemen arrived at the parking lot, and began to question the raiders.

"Did you burn these draft records?"

"Yes. I wanted to make it more difficult for men to kill each other."

"Your name, please?"

"David Darst, Christian Brother."

"Did you burn these draft records?"

"Yes. I wanted to say 'Yes' to the possibility of a human future."

"Your name, please?"

"Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J."

"Thank you, Father."

The policemen, apparently awed by the sight of Roman collars, courteously questioned and identified the seven other offenders, all of them Roman Catholics: Thomas Melville, a former priest of the Maryknoll order; his wife, Marjorie Melville, a former nun of the Maryknoll order; George Mische, a former State Department employee; John Hogan, a former brother of the Maryknoll order; Mary Moylan, a registered nurse; Thomas Lewis, an artist and art teacher; and the Reverend Philip Berrigan, curate of Baltimore's largest Negro parish and Daniel Berrigan's youngest brother. Philip Berrigan and Thomas Lewis needed little identification to residents of the Baltimore area. The preceding fall, in an equally extravagant protest against the Vietnam war, they and two other men had poured blood on several hundred draft records in a Selective Service office in downtown Baltimore.

As the papers still smoldered outside Catonsville's Selective Service office, the doors of a white patrol wagon were opened. The nine cheerfully got in, smiling, embracing and congratulating each other, and extending their fingers in the peace movement's V of protest. It was a handsome, photogenic group. But there are not many photographs showing all of the Catonsville Nine, as they were henceforth called, for the cameramen had focussed throughout on Philip and Daniel Berrigan, already well known as the shock troops of the peace movement, the idols of the Catholic New Left, the Church's most militant and prolific writers on pacifism and civil rights. And so on the front pages of many evening newspapers the Catonsville incident was illustrated by a picture of the Berrigan brothers praying over the burning remains of the draft files. At left, Philip Berrigan, tall and silver-haired, stands with hands folded and head bowed, his large body bent in prayer, looking like a paratrooper preparing to leap into space. Beside him is Daniel Berrigan, a mysterious smile on his delicate and puckish face, one arm spread out before him as if he were casting a libation into the flames.

That afternoon, the Catonsville Nine were arraigned on charges of conspiracy and destroying government property. They were taken to the Baltimore County Jail, on the western outskirts of the city. The two women were placed in the women's detention wing. The seven men were housed in a large cellblock with four sleeping cubicles at one end and an open area containing a large table at the other. Their only request upon arrest was that

14-III-1970

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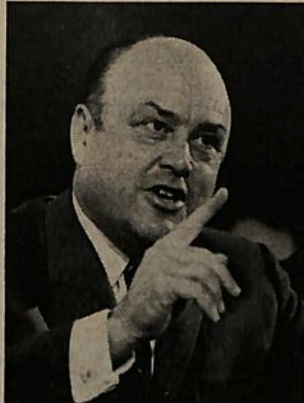
Newsweek

VIETNAM: THE LULL HITS HOME

Newsweek—Wally McNamee
Scott: A cease-fire


Newsweek—Wally McNamee
Laird: Reciprocity

Herblock © 1969 The Washington Post
'Wait a minute. Another little bird told me—'

For the past two months, the level of violence in Vietnam has been tapering off—but the lull on the battlefield only seemed to spur on Congressional critics. Suddenly, last week, the lull in the war found an unlikely echo in Washington. In an abrupt about-face, some of the most articulate critics of the Administration's Vietnam policies let it be known that, for the moment at least, they were prepared to give Mr. Nixon the one thing that has eluded him so persistently—the benefit of the doubt.

The turnabout involved some of the charter members of the antiwar establishment—the dean of Senate doves, William Fulbright, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and the Senate's Republican patriarch, George Aiken. Almost overnight, all three found themselves in the unaccustomed position of praising Mr. Nixon's conduct of the war in Vietnam. And a host of lesser legislative figures, many of whom were openly sympathetic to the Oct. 15 Moratorium, decided it was more politic to be wary of endorsing the November antiwar demonstrations (page 36). "The critics," Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott said almost gleefully, "don't want to be caught nipping at Nixon's heels."

Buzzing: The thing that kept the critics at bay was the prospect of the President's nationwide address on Vietnam policy, which he plans to deliver Nov. 3. All three Senatorial doves denied that their new posture was the result of inside information about what the President planned to say in the speech. The denials, however, did not prevent the Capitol cloakrooms from buzzing with speculation. A cautious minority argued that the address might turn out to be little more than a "chalk talk" designed to explicate the existing policy. But the great majority thought that Mr. Nixon would be obliged to come up with some dramatic new initiatives—if only to keep the temporarily quiescent Senate antiwar establishment from returning to the ramparts with renewed vigor. The initiatives might include a spectacular offer to Hanoi, such as a unilateral, standstill cease-fire. Or—and this course seemed more likely—the President could acknowledge that the current lull in the fighting is at least significant enough to justify further substantial withdrawals of American troops from the war zone.

Not surprisingly, the speculation over the speech fueled the excitement—and the excitement in turn bolstered the almost universal conviction in Washington that Mr. Nixon was determined to "wind down the war" one way or another as soon as possible. The problem, of course, was how? The lull in the nation's capital offered Mr. Nixon new opportunities—but it also presented him with new perils. In the face of the growing antiwar movement in the country and in the Congress, the President had nurtured a sense of momentum about his Vietnam policy. His task now was to sustain that momentum—but to do so without compromising the elements that he considers to be essential components of "peace with honor" in Vietnam—namely, the right of the South Vietnamese to some sort of self-determination and the safety of the U.S. troops remaining in the country.

Testify: One of Mr. Nixon's tactical requirements was to head off the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on Vietnam, scheduled to be held this week, before they effectively limited his maneuvering room. He accomplished this by having Secretary of State William Rogers and Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, both of whom were scheduled to testify before the committee, request a postponement until after Nov. 3 as "a courtesy to the President."

Fulbright, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, mulled over the request for several days. Then, early last week, he closeted himself with Mansfield and Aiken (who had been summoned, in mid-haircut, from the barber shop in the basement of the Capitol) to discuss the situation. Both men expressed the conviction that the President was determined to disentangle the United States from the war in Vietnam. Arguing that the Presidential speech might leave the committee proceedings "out on a limb," they urged Fulbright to postpone the hearings.

The Arkansas senator agreed, and passed the word in a crisp, three paragraph announcement to the press. Earlier, Fulbright had provided the rationale for the postponement when he told newsmen: "I believe the President's own statement that he is trying to wind down the war in Vietnam. I assume that his Nov. 3 speech will provide further evidence of his determination to liquidate the war."

Confidence: Mansfield's own change of posture dates back, in part, to a secret hour-and-a-half session he had with the President early in October. The Majority Leader emerged from the discussion tremendously impressed by Mr. Nixon's determination "to find a responsible way out of Vietnam." Shortly after the White House meeting, Mansfield spent three days in Montana passing on his newfound confidence in the President to his constituents. The day before his meeting with Fulbright and Aiken, he repeated on the Senate floor many of the points he had made in Montana. "What we have now," Mansfield said, "is a military policy [that] approaches a sort of cease-fire and standfast policy."

Taking the floor after the remarks by

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THE VICE PRESIDENT:

The Mouth That Roared

Working a steady succession of six-and-a-half-day weeks, Vice President Spiro Agnew usually has no time to write his own speeches. This time, however, he found himself with a first draft of a forthcoming New Orleans speech before him, the frustrations of Moratorium Day behind him and a whole free afternoon at hand. Picking up a legal yellow notepad just like Richard Nixon's, the Veep began writing about American youth and American dissent. After he finished, Agnew flew off to New Orleans, delivered every booming word he'd written to a delighted crowd of Republican contributors—and touched off the biggest uproar in his nine months in residence a heartbeat from the Presidency.

"We seem to be approaching an age of the gross," the Vice President declaimed from the rostrum. "Life is visceral rather than intellectual, and the most visceral practitioners of life are those who characterize themselves as intellectuals . . . The lessons of the past are ignored and obliterated in a contemporary antagonism known as the generation gap. A spirit of national masochism prevails, encouraged by an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals."

Agnew's explosion set off the expected shock waves. Across the country, the young, the learned, the liberal and the dissident found themselves lumped together in the Vice President's contempt. And Spiro wasn't finished with them. For his second strike, Agnew chose a GOP banquet in Jackson, Miss. "For too long, the South has been the punching bag for those who characterize themselves as liberal intellectuals," he insisted. "They have a masochistic compulsion to destroy their country's strength whether or not it is constructive . . . substituting disruptive demonstration for reason and precipitate action for persuasion."

'Impolitic': A number of liberal newspapers took off after the Veep. The Washington Post, for example, urged Mr. Nixon to "repudiate the excesses of his Vice President or silence him, or—ideally—do both." But Agnew wasn't even breathing hard. "I can always predict the reaction to these things," he had told his staff. To the surprise of some angry liberals, Agnew could also predict his boss's reaction—which was tacit approval. Far from rebuking the Vice President, Mr. Nixon let it be known through various aides that Agnew's language may have been a bit "impolitic" but that his sentiments could not have been more apt.

Agnew's latest safe passage through the shoals of his own robust rhetoric came as no special surprise to those who have been watching him build a position of some power within the Administration. He has the President's confidence and his ear, sitting in on Cabinet meetings and a half dozen high-level councils, including National Security, Urban Affairs and Youth Opportunity. Even during Agnew's bumble-tongued campaign misadventures with "Polacks" and "fat Japs," the President never censured him, and Agnew speaks without clearing anything with anybody. Indeed, many Washington insiders believe that the President is happy to have his deputy handle the kind of political gut-fighting Mr. Nixon often took on for Dwight Eisenhower.

Agnew himself has grown as sleek and confident as a mink in Washington. He is 15 pounds lighter in recent months and outspokenly assured on everything from the missile race to the discipline of his children (page 110). But there may be trouble lurking for him all the same—in Congress. The expansive Vice President, in his role of presiding officer of the Senate, has been pushing the White House line in the Senate with such singular clumsiness and insensitivity to protocol that even some Republican senators mock

Roy Blaum

Agnew in New Orleans: Off the pad

him behind his back. As for the shotgun blast calling dissenters "impudent snobs," Rep. Rogers Morton, the GOP National Committee Chairman, allowed that "just thinking about it curdles my breakfast cereal."

That should have been enough for any man's week, but not Spiro Agnew's. In rapid-fire reply to a proposal by Maine's Sen. Edmund Muskie that the U.S. think about a six-month unilateral ban on testing MIRV missiles, Agnew accused the 1968 Democratic Vice Presidential nominee of playing "Russian roulette" with American security. Ohio's terrible-tempered Sen. Stephen Young snapped that the Vice President seems to be "afflicted with some virulent form of foot and mouth disease," and even the gentle Senate Majority Leader, Mike Mansfield, was hard put to find an ameliorating word about Agnew. "Anyway," Mansfield finally ventured, "he *is* becoming a household figure."

SUPREME COURT:

Nixon for the Defense

Never before in his nine months in office had Richard Nixon laid the prestige of the Presidency so squarely on the line. For fifteen brisk minutes last week, Mr. Nixon held forth to reporters gathered hastily in the Oval Office on the sterling character and quality of his embattled nominee for the Supreme Court, Federal Appeals Court Judge Clement F. Haynsworth—a tribute vigorous, lawyerlike and clearly aimed at changing enough Senate minds to clinch Haynsworth's confirmation.

Mr. Nixon first made a point-by-point attack on the ethical charges raised against Haynsworth, dismissing them as trivial. As a stockholder, he noted, the judge had accepted a 15-cent dividend from one litigant whose case he was hearing, figured to profit by $4.92 for another ruling, and actually stood to lose 48 cents a share for still another. He criticized stories trying to link Haynsworth to former Senate aide Bobby Baker as "guilt by association . . . character assassination of the worst type."

At one point, Mr. Nixon argued that Haynsworth's judicial philosophy should have no place in the Senate's judgment of his fitness. At the same time, Mr. Nixon praised that philosophy himself. "I think the Court needs balance," he said. "I think the Court needs a man who is a conservative."

Finally, the President took up the matter of probity in public office. "The appearance of impropriety, some say, is enough to disqualify a man who served as judge," he observed. "That would mean that anybody who wants to make a charge can thereby create the appearance of impropriety, raise a doubt, and that then his name should be withdrawn." He stated emphatically: "That isn't our system. Under our system, a man is innocent until proven guilty."

"I have examined the charges," the President concluded. "I find that Judge Haynsworth is an honest man. I find that he has been . . . a lawyer's lawyer and a judge's judge. I think he will be a great credit to the Supreme Court, and I am going to stand by him until he is confirmed. I trust he will be."

To underscore his point, the President vowed that he would not withdraw the nomination even if Haynsworth should ask him to. But for all the investment of Presidential advocacy, there was no immediate sign that Mr. Nixon's brief had gained his client any votes in the Senate jury.

Provocative Precedent

It was a scene without parallel in the fifteen years since the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its Brown vs. Board of Education ruling outlawing school segregation. In the High Court's marble-columned chamber last week sat two

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The Human Race Has, Maybe, Thirty-Five Years Left

by David Lyle

After that, people will start eating plankton. Or people

In the seventh century, according to the records of the Church of Mayo, two kings of Erin summoned the principal clergy and laity to a council at Temora, in consequence of a general dearth, the land not being sufficient to support the increasing population. The chiefs . . . decreed that a fast should be observed both by clergy and laity so that they might with one accord solicit God to prayer to remove by some species of pestilence the burthensome multitudes of the inferior people. . . . *St. Gerald and his associates suggested that it would be more conformable to the Divine Nature and not more difficult to multiply the fruits of the earth than to destroy its inhabitants. An amendment was accordingly moved "to supplicate the Almighty not to reduce the number of men till it answered the quantity of corn usually produced, but to increase the produce of the land so that it might satisfy the wants of the people." However, the nobles and clergy, headed by St. Fechin, bore down the opposition and called for a pestilence on the lower orders of the people. According to the records a pestilence was given, which included in its ravages the authors of the petition, the two kings who had summoned the convention, with St. Fechin, the King of Ulster and Munster and a third of the nobles concerned. . . .*

—*A Treatise on Plague*, by W.J. Simpson

In a year of poor harvest, the weight of the burthensome multitudes lies heavy upon the shoulders of the affluent. My grandfather had a book that his father gave him, presented upon his reaching young manhood; and whether it was given with a kind word or a black look, I can't say, but the title was *Where to Emigrate and Why*. My grandfather headed West—this at a time when emigration remained plausible for young men found to be surplus upon the home ground.

Today the crowd is global. There is no place to go. There has never been such a crowd, and in no time at all now, it's going to be twice as big. As for man's efforts to cope, the performance of St. Fechin suggests a certain lack of promise. Perhaps the mildest we can hope for is the suggestion of a prominent anthropologist that birth-control agents be applied liberally to the public water supply.

The case is this: Fifteen thousand years ago the earth probably held fewer people than New York City does today. The population doubled slowly at that time—say every forty thousand years. Today there are more than three billion people in the world and the rate of increase is almost a thousand times greater. Doubling occurs in less than forty years.

On a graph the human population line now rises almost vertically, which will not continue—there must be leveling off or decline. Leveling seems rational. Decline can be a landslide, as the history of the Irish and the lemming imply. The critical period near a population peak is likely to be a time of anxiety, of extreme unease. Thus President Johnson told the troops in Korea last year: "Don't forget, there are only two hundred million of us in the world of three billion. They want what we've got and we aren't going to give it to them." (Quoted by John Gerassi, in *The New York Review of Books*.)

In the United States a huge majority sees population as infinitely less threatening than crime and communism. Population crisis in America tends to become a cliché—a joke in the newspapers about standing room only in the year 2600. After which the matter may be dismissed—possibly it's something the Chinese are up to.

A few—the ecologically-minded, some Senators and scientists and academicians—cry out that growth and change are tearing the world apart. But on television the audience cheers a father of ten; and in Washington the political leadership continues heavily occupied in the shadows, scuffling with crime and communism, hustling money for defense and space and the war, and plotting ways to insure more growth and change.

Population increase and technological change are immense forces driving the world ahead at an accelerating pace into a turbulent and highly uncertain future. The effect of these forces upon the United States is already profound; no Island of Affluence or Fortress America notions are likely for long to fend off the future, or to make a particle of difference in the logic of vertical increase.

To grasp the implications, look first at the world that remains poor, then at the changes wrought in man and animal by extreme crowding, and finally at the consequences in the U.S.

Begin with India.

I: THE CITY OF THE FUTURE

At Sealdah Station, Calcutta, misery radiates outward . . . dusty streets straggle away in every direction lined with tiny shacks built of metal scraps, pieces of old baskets, strips of wood, and gunnysacks. In the dark interiors of the shacks, small fires glow through the smoke, and dark faces gaze out at children playing in the urinous-smelling, fly-infested streets. In a few years the children who survive . . . will grow taller and thinner and stand in the streets like ragged skeletons, barefoot, hollow-eyed, blinking their apathetic stares out of grey, dusty faces . . . Calcutta today . . . swollen by millions of refugees until the streets are spotted with their sleeping bodies . . . may very well represent the City of the Future.

—Philip Appleman, in *The Silent Explosion*

In Calcutta six hundred thousand people sleep, eat, live in the streets—lacking even the shacks Appleman saw at Sealdah Station. The American visitor sees these thousands lying upon the ground "like little bundles of rags"; sees "women huddling over little piles of manure, patting it into cakes for fuel; children competing with dogs for refuse"—and reacts with shock and revulsion. A student told Appleman, "I wanted to run away, to weep. I was disgusted, horrified, saddened. . . ."

Calcutta stands for three worldwide forces—burgeoning population; food shortage; a torrent of migration to the cities.

Today there are about five hundred million people in India. In thirty years or so there may well be one billion. Most Indians live in rural villages—but the villages are overflowing. The surrounding lands no longer produce enough food. The excess population drifts into the big coastal cities where there is hope of food; Calcutta has become an immense breadline where the starving from the countryside gather to feed on grain from American ships.

The vision of six hundred thousand people lying in the streets at night—a prostrate breadline waiting for Midwestern grain—must be burned into the mind if the fate of the third world (and of the United States) is to assume reality. Because as the population rises, the supply of grain is running out. This is true not only for India but for two-thirds of the human population. All over the third world the City of the Future is a place where the rural poor gather to await the grain handout from abroad, while it lasts.

From Calcutta, draw the implications for the third (so-called "underdeveloped") world—briefly, as follows:

- The 1960 population of the developed world was about 900,000,000; that of the third world ran over 2,000,000,000.
- The agricultural land resources of the two parts of the world are approximately equal.
- By the year 2000—in less than thirty-three years—the developed world must feed 1,300,000,000 on its half of the world's croplands. The third world will have to feed about 5,000,000,000 people on its half.
- The industrial states have moved on to high-yield agriculture, getting maximum production from the land. The third world must make the same transition—but there very well may not be time to make it before mass famine sets in.

The bind is this: There is a desperate need to cut population growth and to raise food production within the next three decades. The most urgent period will be the ten or fifteen years immediately ahead. All right, then, say the hopeful—birth control; but Cora Du Bois, an anthropologist with much experience in India, reports that ". . . any effective reduction of population growth among heavily breeding rural populations is not foreseeable in less than possibly fifty years. I believe this is a question on which it is wise to have no illusions."

Nor is the prospect for rapid increase in food supply much brighter. On the contrary, according to Lester R. Brown, an economist with the U.S. Department of Agriculture: "The food problem emerging in the less-developed regions may be one of the most nearly insoluble problems facing man over the next few decades."

There are, nevertheless, a few optimists. Some talk of farming the sea, eating plankton; but this will not help anyone soon. Anyway, says William Vogt, who is experienced, "Few of the people who advocate this, I am sure, have tasted plankton. . . ."

Recently, an optimist of some renown appeared—Donald J. Bogue, a sociologist at the University of Chicago. He said the United Nations' projections of about six billion people by the year 2000 are exaggerated; Dr. Bogue predicted a rapid decline in growth after 1975. The immediate reaction of his colleagues was disappointing. Dr. Bogue said, "Most were angry. I found no one who agreed with me."

Perhaps the most disturbing thing about the present world-population situation, as Dr. Bogue himself suggested, is the almost uniformly pessimistic outlook of so many very capable people who have examined the matter closely. Lloyd V. Berkner, a leading American scientist, remarked that in the third world, "We are probably already beyond the point at which a sensible solution is possible." Eugene R. Black, when he was president of the World Bank, said, "We are coming to a situation in which the optimist will be the man who thinks that present living standards can be maintained."

Dr. B.R. Sen, Director-General of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, has said, "The next thirty-five years . . . will be a most critical period in man's history. Either we take the fullest measures to raise productivity and to stabilize population growth, or we will face disaster of an unprecedented magnitude. We must be warned . . . of unlimited disaster."

In Pakistan, President Ayub said in 1964, "In ten years' time, human beings will eat human beings in Pakistan."

The third world, then, is in acute danger of entering into a descending spiral where each successive failure reinforces the last in a descent toward chaos. The process may have begun. There is a tendency in the U.S. to believe it will be possible to isolate ourselves from this, retreat into the land of affluence. For a while perhaps.

Consider this: As of 1954 the United States was using about fifty percent of the raw material resources consumed in the world each year. The rate of consumption has been rising and by 1980 the U.S. could be consuming more than eighty-three percent of the total.

Today the U.S. is a net importer of goods. Its reliance on foreign trade grows each year. The third world, in the meantime, sees industrialization as the road to salvation; its demand for raw material can be expected to accelerate. Today we can soothe the hungry by offering a certain amount of food and aid. Tomorrow we will be competing for raw material and there will be no spare food to offer.

The prospect is not bright. As Professor Harold A. Thomas, Jr. of Harvard's Center for Population Studies put it, ". . . unless we engage ourselves today in problems of development of the poor nations, the conditions under which we live during the next two generations may not be attractive. The fuel required to sustain our mammoth technological apparatus may constitute a gross drain on the resources of the earth. Other societies cannot be expected to regard this favorably. A vista of an enclave of privilege in an isolated West is not pleasant to contemplate. Wise and human political institutions do not thrive in beleaguered citadels."

II: THE MOUSE EXPLOSION

Mice were generated and "boiled over" the towns and fields in the midst of that region, and there was a confusion of great death in the land.

—Vulgate 1, Kings, v. 6

The periodic, vast increase in numbers of field mice is a peculiar and ancient phenomenon, and men have long feared it. In the cult of Apollo this fear gave rise to religious ceremonies—the keepers of Apollo's temple kept tame mice in the sanctuary and a colony of them beneath the altar.

Aristotle was astounded by the capacity of mice to increase. "The rate of propagation of field mice in country places, and the destruction that they cause, are beyond all telling. In many places their number is so incalculable that but very little of the corn crop is left to the farmer; and so rapid is their mode of proceeding that sometimes a small farmer will one day observe that it is time for reaping, and on the following morning, when he takes his reapers afield, he finds his entire crop devoured. Their disappearance is unaccountable: in a few days not a mouse will be there to be seen. . . ."

The mouse horde has for centuries represented a serious problem in Europe. Charles Elton, the director of the Bureau of Animal Population at Oxford, has described one historic outbreak in France: ". . . an impressive picture of insurgent subterranean activity, of

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